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WHICH?

SCENE I.

Broadway cars. Time—six o'clock
In afternoon, and this is what
Transpired: A sombre gent,

With mind on holy thoughts intent
Sat near door, with just the stare
Inspired idiots often wear.
Backbone, stiff as any poker;
Under chin, a big white choker;
Funeral look, and solemn way,
Was enough to breed dispepsia.

Scene II.

Enter newsboy, selling papers—
Neither smiles or monkey capers—
Old man, aged seven years—
Heart in mouth, and eyes in tears.

"Buy some papers, will you, please,
I 've got stuck on all of these!"
"No," said gent. "Get out of car!
How impudent newsboys are."
Ever see a gloomy shadow
Chasing sunshine off a meadow?
Ever feel the sudden thrill
Of unkindness—or its chill?
Thus from newsboy sunshine went,
Chased away by sombre gent.

But, in other end of car,
Sat a jolly old Jack Tar;

No more like a "saintly" martyr,
Than a Hottentot or Tartar—
Hottentot from Zanzibar;
Or, from realms of Russian Czar
Where, you know, the Tartars are.
"Come 'ere bub! may I be damn'd
If I don't lend a help'n' hand!"
Sailor swore—(its not denied);
But which of twain was justified?
"Saintly" man with heart of stone,
Or, heart where newsboy found a home?

ELDRIDGE SMITH.

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